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## ERSKINE PARK.

A new bit of geography—and something more—was added to South Bend last night. In the days to come, Erskine Park will have more than a meaning as a designation of a place of recreation, amusement and enjoyment.

In the great future these words will not be the mere description of a place of beauty, a spot away from the whirl and turmoil and noise of a great city, a wooded hillside beckoning to the tired and the weary, a great green plot that invites by its many lures of grass and trees and running water.

Erskine Park will mean all that—but it will mean also a great event in the history of South Bend, commemorating the fact that it was the first large gift from a living citizen, who felt not only a love for the place of his residence and his life work, but who had a most wonderful capacity of friendship for every other citizen.

When the city council in its most unusual but most appropriate setting last night accepted the deed to 120 acres of park lands offered by A. R. Erskine and his wife, it recorded not an episode but an epoch in the history of this community.

For the first time, South Bend becomes the recipient of a great gift from one who has no thought of waiting to build a monument to his memory but whose only thought was that of furnishing to the thousands who now live and will live within its confines a greater amount of happiness and a new opportunity for pleasure.

That gift represents a desire that children shall have a happier and a healthier playtime and that older men and women shall not be restricted in their pursuits of wholesome enjoyment.

That gift represents the vision of a man who believes that South Bend is destined to grow rapidly and continuously and that soon the need of such breathing spots will be urgent and pressing.

That gift will be recalled, as the years pass, as the expression of one great man's spirit of friendship for all men, of one man's great interest in all men, of one man's great kinship with all men.

That other gifts will be made to the city in the years to come by men who have found fortune and success and happiness within its borders is one of the sure predictions that can be safely made.

Inspiration and example are potent forces in life and in history. Example in the past has held the generous impulses of most men in leash until they come to the day when they no longer need their worldly goods.

This generous gift, at a time when the city is embarking upon its period of greatest growth will inspire others, perhaps not so to striking and signal acts of civic generosity, but to a deeper interest in every factor that goes to the making of a great metropolis.

"I find nothing more valuable than my friendship," was the heartfelt statement of this city benefactor to those who accepted his gift on the part of the city.

In that great truth, the real wealth of Mr. Erskine is limitless and beyond estimate, for by this act he cements those personal sentiments of real regard from those who know him and also draws to him the kindly, lasting and profound affection of those who now comprise the city and of all future generations.

The only fitting tribute that can be given to such a gift will be made in the years to come when the rollicking laughter of children and the happy smiles of contented men and women will render it.

## AND NOW, WHAT?

Now that the local scandal has been turned over to the decision of the judge, its sensational incidents portrayed and its evidence given, there is one question which should ask for more persistent answer and more emphatic reply than what happens to the case itself.

That decision, affecting a few, may be safely left to the judge.

But citizens, thoughtful and not at all interested in the outcome of this particular case, are asking and will ask what is to become of the courts themselves if such trials as these may be held in this community without some action.

The one inescapable conclusion from this hearing is that it was the occasion of perjury, if no worse crime.

The two stories told in the case were so diametrically opposed, so utterly at variance as to give no chance for the explanation that the chief witnesses in that case were mistaken or that their statements were the result of poor memories.

Either the chief witness in that prosecution deliberately manufactured a most malicious, false and monstrous story of wrong and then swore to it upon the stand, or the defendant, in denying, committed gross perjury.

Respect for law and for the courts is already at too low an ebb to permit the conclusion to be drawn that the courts may be safely entered by persons with lies upon their lips and with falsehood in their hearts to make a mockery of justice.

The very stability of law and of the courts demands that when flagrant impositions are made upon the courts by persons who make light of oaths, some punishment follow.

The situation created by the hearing in this case is infinitely worse than any crime charged in the case itself, for it is one which makes a jest of all courts, of solemn oaths and of justice itself.

One sure and swift sequence of this trial should be a turning of the records of this case over to a grand jury for such inquiry as it might make to determine which one of these litigants went before the courts of this state with a falsehood and a perjured tale.

The dignity and the respect of courts depends upon their ability to protect themselves against false evidence.

The law makes that act a felony. No attorney, reading that evidence, can draw any conclusion save one—that either the prosecution or the defense was founded on planned and deliberate falsehoods.

The case itself may be well forgotten. Its incidents may well be brushed away for cleaner and more important things. But the stain of disgrace will rest upon the courts themselves if the challenge given to all law and to all courts by this case goes unanswered and unrebuked.

## THE EX-KAISER.

Pink shirts and pink collars are being sported by the ex-kaiser, reports a London Daily Mail correspondent after a visit to Holland.

All around, Bill is perking up. He is emerging from strict seclusion, leading a freer existence, and works daily in his garden in full view of anyone passing the castle home of the notorious exile.

Chopping and sawing wood? Not these days. Instead, Bill is thinning out the fir trees along the road, clipping and trimming like a barber. His gang of helpers work with him, just inside the wire fence, in their shirt-sleeves. Occasionally even Bill is reported to strip off the coat of his gray suit.

"He talks incessantly"—but his talk is limited to trees and landscape gardening.

The ex-crown prince "pays occasional visits to his father, and dashes all over the country in his new motor car. He spends much time playing lawn tennis and croquet, and he sees many visitors."

The story in Holland is that he would visit his father more often if it were not for the fact that Bill makes him help in the garden.

Recently he took a two weeks' vacation while Blumbers installed a bath at his island home. What do you make of that, Watson? Well, Sherlock, it looks as if the ex-crown prince expects to spend another winter where he is. Important? To some extent, since he is not anticipating any immediate return to Germany.

It's getting along, now, near that historic date, Nov. 11. The war soon will have been over four years, though "it seems like yesterday."

Four years ago, the slightest authenticated move by either the kaiser or the crown prince was "big news." Today interest in the Hohenzollerns is at low ebb, in America. Nevertheless, it is interesting to get a summary of how the two are reacting under exile.

The ex-kaiser sporting a pink shirt while playing as a gardener! The ex-crown prince elated because he is going to have a real bath-tub! Gosh, haven't times changed!

## NAVY DAY.

The governors of this and some other states have set aside October 27 as "Navy Day," in which the exploits of that branch of the defense are to be commemorated and its importance impressed upon the citizenship.

As a tribute to the great heroes of the sea, it is a fitting and a graceful thing.

As a means of stirring up any sentiment for an increase in the navy and of enlarging a branch of the defense which costs many millions a year, it is more than ill advised and uncalled for.

The bravery of the navy and its men in the old days when it was an important part of the national defense thrills the minds of men by its romance.

Decatur and Perry and Dewey are names that will be remembered as long as the nation holds any spirit of gratitude for valiant service or any sentiment for the heroic preservers of the Union.

But it is true that the day of the navy is passing, if it has not already gone, and that its future usefulness as a means of defense will be more than limited. The professional naval soldiery of the country, with its advocates in Congress, have in other years burdened the country with many millions of debts for ships that were useless almost before they were finished.

That carefully inspired theory of a great navy had its birth with the builders of these same great ships. No navy is great unless it is larger than any other navy in the world or greater than a combination of navies of countries which might be allied in war.

Even governments finally came to recognize the uselessness of a navy that could not overcome any other navy and this had the effect of writing into the decision of the armament conference the decision to limit all navies.

Of greater influence to that result was the conviction that the development of the airplane and the submarine had sounded the knell of the fighting ship and that navies were no longer effective for either defense or attack.

If there be any purpose in this celebration to revive the old campaign for building bigger navies, citizens would do well to celebrate it by voicing their protest against any such useless and costly burden.

If it be set apart to remember the names of those who found upon the sea their opportunity for brave service to the nation, to recall their spirit, not their weapons, it can be made useful.

To hold a navy day as a means of obtaining a greater navy is about as senseless as holding a flintlock day for New York and Chicago, or a kerosene lamp day in South Bend.

They all had their days of usefulness and power—but that day has gone, just as the navy is no longer an important part of the fighting forces.

## VICE AND VIRTUE.

At what point does virtue become a vice? The courts of a neighboring state will have a chance to answer the question which is raised in a contest of will.

Thrift and economy, according to common standards and the accepted judgments of all people are virtues.

Relatives of a recently deceased millionaire are trying to prove that he was insane and demented by the charge that his passion for money and his deep regard for saving made him the prey of a designing woman.

As a new style of vamp, this portrait is interesting. She is charged with catering to the aged man's sense of economy by niggardly saving of food, of most careful counting of pennies, of limitless examples of cutting living expenses to the bare necessities.

This overwhelming desire for money, just money, they assert, indicated that his mind had become so twisted to the realities of life that he worshipped nothing else.

The courts now take up the task which philosophers have held as their own special job without any remarkable results at arriving at a decision.

Most of the virtues of life can become vices if carried to excess. Generosity, for instance, if indulged to that extent where the donor of gifts hands them out without regard to the interests of those who have a natural or legal claim upon protection, might be condemned. And yet the spirit of generosity is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

Good nature is a virtue. But the good nature which never renews a wrong, easily becomes a vice. The great menace in life is excess. The great solvent of all problems is moderation.

## The Tower of Babel



Bill Armstrong

Prohibition has caused many a desk to be kept locked that was never supposed to have contained important papers previous to prohibition.

A man whines around about having to go to the country to haul in peaches and apples for the winter; but when the grapes are ripe he is there with a truck.

Yesterday marked the formal opening of the new dental offices of Dr. Hugh Davis in the Citizens bank building. Doc has certainly come in the world. Why, we can remember when he was but a major in the army.

The Russian situation, according to old Hank Hup, would soon adjust itself if the people only didn't have to eat occasionally.

Statistics show that there are 3,600 movie people in Los Angeles. This can't be accurate, as there has been more divorces than that asked for in the past year at Hollywood alone.

One of the greatest advantages of living in the city and owning an automobile is that it enables you to drive out into the country and buy your fresh eggs and vegetables at the same price you pay in the city.

## HE'S LIKE SCHUYLER ROSE.

We paid a visit the other day with Charley Bredemus to Fred Vergin's factory, where he is busily engaged in manufacturing the Bull Dog road grip, a device you fasten on to the wheels of your auto when you have wondered unconsciously into the mud or sand up to the hub.

Fred says there is just one thing the matter with his new business and that is that he finds himself constantly wishing for bad weather. When he gets up on a sunny morning, he is in a perfect rage until it begins to sleet or snow or something. In this respect we must say that he reminds us a great deal of a certain coal man of our acquaintance.

We notice a sign in Carl Lenhard's window, which reads, "Come in and hear The Origin of the Saxophone." After listening to the bird practice over in the Oliver flats 12 hours a day, we would rather hear something about the passing of the saxophone.

## YOUR HEALTH—

By Dr. R. S. Copeland

By Royal S. Copeland, M. D., Commissioner of Health, New York City.

We get air into our lungs through the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. The tubes are arranged in a manner not unlike the trunk and branches of a tree. Of course, it is a reversal so far as direction is concerned, because, as we stand upright, the trunk of the bronchial system is uppermost and the branching limbs downward.

Continuing our figure, the main part—the "trunk"—is like the trunk of the tree. This divides into two bronchi, the right and the left. Each of these divides and re-divides, until the minute outer twigs are reached. The tip of each of these tiny terminals opens into an air-cell, having walls so thin that the oxygen of the air passes readily through the wall into the blood-cells which hunger for it.

Normally, these hollow tubes supply us with air, and their lining is lubricated by just the right amount of secretion to keep them in good condition.

In disease the bronchi may become occluded. That is, from one cause or another there may be adhesive processes which cause the walls to stick together or to fill up and then cut off the air supply. This is called "bronchostenosis."

In opposition to this is another condition, called "bronchiectasis." This is a dilatation of the bronchial tubes.

The disease—for it really is a disease—may be localized, being confined to a limited part or to one place of the bronchial system, or it

George Platner says that he hates to see cold weather come because Tom Brandon will probably cut out his bathing girl windows after the first of November.

Every since he met Dempsey, it has been George Caproni's ambition, as he said, to retire. After bumping up against Battling Siki he is saved the trouble.

Bob Swint, the N. W. Ayer of the Robertson Bros. store, has annexed a new pair of glasses about the size of a windshield.

Prompted by the reading of the sad passing of our friend in Ohio, who starved himself and his family to death that he might buy all the Ford accessories in existence, Phil Nizar, the late corporal, tears in to have us give his Ford coupe an inventory to see if he hasn't gotten all the extras a man could possibly pile on a single automobile. We find that Mr. Nizar went out state Ohio friend one better, as he has Brussels carpet on the floor of his flivver and lace curtains on the rear window.

By the way, what has become of Fred Loughman? Wonder if he had gone away with the Ringling's circus. We haven't seen him since the day Ringling's was here last.

With a great controversy on as to who caught the 16 pound fish, recently sent to our desk, whether it was Frank Hering of George Cooper; matters became even worse yesterday when Harry Elmore suddenly threw his hat in the ring and began to claim that he was the guy that caught it. It begins to look as if the Tienan case has more to do with fish controversy when it comes to the veracity of the parties concerned.

There is one fact however, that stands out over everything else in the knotty tangle as to who caught this fish and it is that Ye Editor has very effectively destroyed all of the evidence in the case, in other words "exhibit A."

We hope that with the publication of the Kaiser's memoirs, we don't have to get busy and fight the war all over again.

may be diffuse, involving all the bronchi and their subdivisions.

Following some severe disease which has bronchial involvement, there may be loss of tone of the bronchial walls. They lose their elasticity and gradually dilate. In some cases the dilated bronchi are types of such diseases.

Other diseases like bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy and tuberculosis may have this trouble afterward. Lowered tone of the general health with the natural weakness of the bodily tissues predisposes to it.

In bronchiectasis there are several disagreeable symptoms. The most trying is the paroxysmal cough. When the patient first goes to bed or on getting up in the morning he has severe fits of coughing.

There is a profuse discharge of mucus from the bronchi. It may be purulent in nature and very offensive in odor.

The trouble with this miserable disease is the danger of secondary infection. The bronchial lining is inflamed and sensitive, ready for the germs of pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Fresh air, day and night, is the first essential in treatment. The body must be built up and made as resistant to disease as possible.

Various local and surgical measures are recommended, but they will be directed by the family physician. The most important advice I can give is to take pains after every acute illness to bring about full recovery. Halfway measures are to be condemned. Don't dismiss your doctor till you are completely well and free from the danger of secondary ailments, such as bronchiectasis.

## Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

**THE TEST OF FAITH.**  
Laughter and music  
And sunshine and mirth,  
Blossoms to border  
The pathways of earth,  
And after the dancing  
And after the song,  
Day brings the burdens  
To carry along.

Burdens of duty  
And burdens of grief,  
Trials to test us  
And prove our belief,  
Long roads to travel  
And long hours of pain,  
But always to sunshine  
And laughter again.

Each has his burden  
Of something to bear,  
Each has his moments  
Of doubt and despair;  
Creeds cannot save us  
The ultimate test,  
They can but help us  
To live in our best.

Blue skies above us  
The peace of a smile,  
Then the clouds gather  
To linger awhile;  
Heartache and anguish  
And pitiful need  
Pour down the acid  
On every man's creed.

We who profess  
In our God to believe,  
Bravely must trust Him  
Whenever we grieve,  
This is life's story,  
And every man's share:  
After the laughter  
Come burdens to bear.  
(Copyright, 1922, Edgar A. Guest.)

The first gas street-lamps are said to have been used in London in 1802.

## More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

**IN GUATEMALA.**  
In lovely Guatemala,  
The people loiter at ease  
Six days a week and slumber seek  
Beneath the tropic trees,  
Across the dancing water  
The gentle sea breeze blows  
Where they abide beside the tide  
In stately repose.

But every Tuesday morning  
At promptly half-past ten  
The streets resound for blocks  
around  
With shouts of savage men  
O'erhead the shrapnel hisses  
And eputtering bombshells soar,  
And all about is ringing out  
The horrid noise of war.

And till eleven-thirty  
The war-swept land is rife  
With hate and rage as men engage  
In interden strife,  
And then, while still the buildings  
With smouldering flames are lit,  
The fight is won, the war is done—  
A president has quit!

In lovely Guatemala  
When Wednesday morning dawns,  
They sweep the street up clean and  
neat  
And tidy all the lawns.  
Again on slumbering natives  
The tropic sunbeams blaze,  
Who take their ease beneath the  
trees  
For six long peaceful days.

**CRAFTY.**  
Apparently European nations are postponing the next peace conference till they have time to get better prepared for war.

**TROUBLE MAKERS.**  
Germany would inspire more confidence in her democracy if she would ask for waivers on Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

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11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft.

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